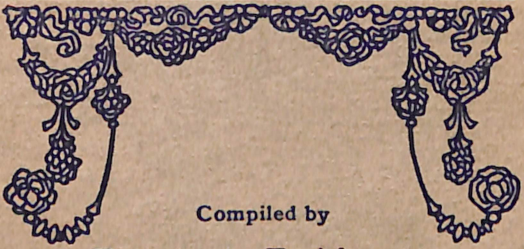
Church Benevolences for the Junior League Course of Study



Compiled by

Emma A. Robinson

Primary Section

Price, 10 cents

CINCINNATI: JENNINGS & GRAHAM
NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS

Church Benevolences
FOR THE
Junior League Course of Study

Compiled by

EMMA A. ROBINSON

PRIMARY SECTION

CINCINNATI: JENNINGS & GRAHAM
NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS

Copyright, 1907, by
Jennings & Graham

Contents

PAGE

FORWARD, - - - - - - - 5

INTRODUCTORY STORY, - - - - - 7

THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS, - - 11

THE BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS AND CHURCH EXTENSION, - - - - - - - 14

THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, - - 24

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT, - - 28

THE TRACT SOCIETY, - - - - - - 32

THE FREEDMAN'S AID SOCIETY - - 37

THE BIBLE SOCIETY, - - - - - 42

OUR VETERANS, - - - - - - 48

WHICH IS THE GREATEST? - - - 52

Foreword

The study of the Church benevolences in the Primary Section is intended to awaken an interest in the various lines of benevolent work done in our Church, by bringing to the children not the bare facts, which they would soon forget, but the actual work in a concrete form through the medium of stories.

For the study of Foreign and Home Missions so much good literature is prepared by the Women's Societies that the use of their leaflets is recommended. These can be secured from our Book Depositories with the other leaflets.

The study of the benevolences may be taken up in place of the Bible study one Sunday in each month, in which case it will be better to let it run through the three years' course, instead of one. Or fifteen minutes may be devoted to it each week during the second year, dividing the Bible study time with this study. Or the Bible study may be dropped for a period of three months, at some time in the year when a change seems advisable, and the study of Church Benevolences be substituted.

In the preparation for the study of Church Benevolence, it is suggested that the League be divided, assigning to each division some one of the benevolences, and asking every member to be on the lookout for stories, pictures, or anything he can find on his subject. After taking up each study as outlined in the leaflet, allow the Juniors to give what they have found, arranging for and carrying out their own program in their own way.

It is generally conceded that to arouse an enthusiasm, without affording some means of converting the interest awakened into activity, is positively harmful and "morally wrong."

As the great aim of these studies is not only to instruct, but to lay the foundation for a lifelong interest in the various branches of Church work, it is necessary that our boys and girls have an opportunity to do, as well as to learn. To this end with each topic some form of work will be suggested.

Introductory Story

EMMA A. ROBINSON.

PRIMARY SECTION.

"B-E-N-E-V-O-L-E-N-C-E-S" spelled Harry. "I wonder what that means. It is such a long word."

Uncle Tom looked up from the paper he was reading, and after a moment said: "Harry, do you remember last week when we were watching the wrens, how all the birds helped feed that one that was blind?"

"Yes," said Harry.

"I wonder what made them do it, Harry."

"Why, because he could not see to get anything himself, and would have starved if some one had not fed him."

"Yes, but that would not have hurt the other birds."

"Why, Uncle Tom, don't you believe it. They would not have eaten their dinner and let him starve. Birds help each other."

Uncle Tom laughed, and in a few minutes said: "What was that other bird story you were telling me last night?"

"O, that was about the robin who went

and told all the other birds to come and get a bath under the hose."

"But was n't there some more to it?"

"No, only that Charlie put the hose out every day while the dry weather lasted, and the birds came back every time for a drink and a bath. What made you ask about that, Uncle Tom," said Harry.

Uncle Tom was such a funny fellow, Harry could not always tell what he meant, but he was sure there was something in the wind.

"Why," said Uncle Tom, "I thought you wanted to know what BENEVOLENCES meant."

"So I did, but I do not see what that has to do with it."

"You do n't. Well, you have told me of three cases of benevolence. What about the wrens?"

"Why, they gave part of their dinner to the blind one."

"And the robin?"

"He went and told the other birds about the shower."

"Yes, he could not take the water to them; but he told them where they could find it."

"But you said three, Uncle Tom."

"I thought you said some one put the hose out every morning."

"Sure, that was Charlie. He could not give them the water exactly, but he could do a little work for them."

"Let's see, then," said Uncle Tom. "We might spell that long word another way. It might be spelled, giving, sharing, working for some one else."

"But, Uncle Tom, I did not read it all out loud. The paper says Church Benevolences, and birds don't have anything to do with the Church."

"O, ho," said his uncle. "That's it, is it? Well, it means just the same thing anyway. The Church is like the birds. It thinks about and wants to help those who need help; but there are so many people to think of that some may be forgotten, so the Church divides them up. There are the people who need a church and have no money to build one; the colored people in the South; the people in lands where they do not know about God, and many others. The Church appoints a man called a secretary to look after each different division, so that those who need help may be sure and have it. Then the Church (that is, each one of us) may in some way help. We may give something, share what we have or work for one or more of these Church benevolences.

"Would you like to know the names by which the Church calls them?

"There are now three great Benevolent Societies—the Foreign Missionary Society, the Home Missionary-Church Extension Society, and the Board of Education, Sunday-schools, and Freedmen's Aid Society."

The Board of Foreign Missions

FOR THE JUNIORS.—*The Children's Missionary Friend.* Price per year, 20 cents a single copy; 10 cents for ten or more copies to one address. Address, Miss Pauline J. Walden, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

It is suggested that the local Auxiliaries of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society be requested to subscribe for enough copies of this paper to supply each member of the Junior League with one.

FOR THE SUPERINTENDENT.—Twelve Round the World Stories. Price, 15 cents.

HELPS.—"Twelve Little Pilgrims Who Stayed at Home." By Mrs. O. W. Scott. Price, post-paid, $1.10.

"Child Life in Mission Lands." By Ralph E. Diffendorfer. Price, post-paid, 46 cents.

Catalogue of Missionary Leaflets. Miss Pauline J. Walden, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Missionary Object Lessons on Japan for Juniors. A box containing the ground plan and a Japanese house, Japanese dolls, school supplies, curios, etc., with booklet of instructions for teachers. $1.25 prepaid.

MITE-BOXES.

Sunday-school Mite-boxes, one cent each.

"Cent a Day" Mite-boxes, one cent each.

"Two Cents a Week" Mite-boxes, 16 cents per hundred.

Christmas Star Boxes, $1 per hundred; postage, 36 cents additional.

Calendar Banks, 10 cents each.

ACTIVITIES.—While studying Foreign Missions let the Juniors have their mite-boxes, into which they shall put just the money they have earned or saved for this part of God's work. If they are supporting an orphan, the entire amount may be given in this way, if suggestions are made as to ways in which the boys and girls may save or earn their Lord's money.

Picture cards may be collected, and sent to the branch office of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society to be sent to the foreign field.

Christmas boxes may also be prepared for special fields. These should be ready not later than September. Correspondence with the Branch Secretaries or Miss Pauline Walden will secure the needed information.

HYMNS.—The Morning Light is Breaking.
From Greenland's Icy Mountains.
Watchman, Tell us of the Night.

Secretary, Dr. A. B. Leonard.
Office, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Board of Home Missions and Church Extension

HOME MISSIONS.

FOR THE JUNIORS.—*Children's Home Missions,* 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Sample copies sent on request for use in canvassing.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance. Twenty cents a year for single copies; ten copies or more, addressed to one person, ten cents each.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society at their General Executive meeting recommended that the local Auxiliaries be requested to subscribe for a certain number of copies of this paper for the children of their Church. The Junior Superintendent may emphasize this request by asking them to subscribe for such a number that each Junior may have a copy.

FOR THE SUPERINTENDENT.—"Boys and Girls Under Our Flag." By Alice M. Guernsey. Price, including twelve leaflets, 25 cents.

HELPS.—A Catalogue of Home Missionary

Leaflets published by the Woman's Home Missionary Society, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Mite-boxes.—150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ACTIVITIES.—Mite-boxes may be given out, into which are to be placed the love offerings, or the Juniors may be asked to try to earn a certain amount for this work.

While Home Missions are being studied, let a barrel be packed for some missionary on the frontier or for the Mothers' Jewels Home at York, Nebraska, or one of the other orphanages.

Let the girls make aprons, or hem towels or bibs or some other needed articles; or dress dolls, while the boys repair toys, etc.

HYMNS.—America.
Hark, the Voice of Jesus Calling.
O Lord, While for all Mankind.

The Secretary—Dr. James M. King.
Office—1025 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DEPARTMENT OF CHURCH EXTENSION.

LAST summer as Bessie and her mother were going to Denver they saw a great crowd of people getting on a train in Kansas City.

One could tell that the most of them were poor people by their clothes. Bessie thought it was very funny to see each one with all the baskets and bundles he could possibly carry, and the bundles were such big ones, often larger than the children who were trying to carry them.

The conductor told them that it was a "Home-seekers' excursion," and that these people were going out to Oklahoma, where they could get farms for almost nothing.

Many of them will settle near each other, but they will be so busy building houses and getting their farms in order, that they may forget all about a church or schoolhouse; but there is some one in our Church who will not forget.

We have a society called the Home Missionary and Church Extension Society, which sends men round the country into just such places, and before those people have their houses built, a tent will be put up and a church started. Pretty soon a church will be built. The people will pay all they can, and the Church Extension Department will help them by paying the rest.

This department also helps to build churches in towns where the people have not money enough to build one all by themselves.

After the flood at Galveston and the earthquake at San Francisco, it also helped the people of those places rebuild their churches.

THE PONY CHURCH.

CLARA E. KING.

JIMMY WESTOVER had always lived with grandfather in his big house, for his parents had both died when he was a baby. The two were great chums, and loved to be together hours at a time, walking or talking, or fighting battles on a big table with Jimmy's toy soldiers. Grandfather had been a soldier, and had gone to fight in the great Civil War, when he was only nineteen, which was very young indeed, although it seemed quite aged to Jimmy, who was ten years younger than that. Grandfather did n't think any boy too young to know about the great questions of right and wrong, over which the war was fought. He had explained often to Jimmy, that one of the reasons why men had gone at great risk of their lives, into the battlefield, was to free the colored people from slavery. Before the war men had been allowed to own colored men as Jimmy owned his dog, and to take the children away from their parents and sell them for money into a distant place; many of them would not let their slaves learn to read and write. It would take a hundred years, grandfather said, for these people to begin to get over the way they had been treated. Some were like very ignorant, uncared for little children, and must be helped.

A great friend of grandfather's came often to stay with them when he was in their city, a Mr. Wright, a man who was as deeply interested as he in the work for the freedmen, as the colored people are called. He and grandfather gave a great deal of money to the people who were trying in different ways to help the negro, and were always glad to hear of any new plan. One day Mr. Wright brought a lot of papers to show grandfather about the work the Board of Church Extension was doing in the Southern mountains among the poor negroes there. "If any one gives $100 they can build a church worth $300 or $500," he said. "And think what those churches mean to those poor negroes. Their homes are just miserable huts in many places; there are no schools; indeed, they have just nothing at all. The Church is everything good and beautiful to them. They send the most pathetic, mis-spelled letters to the Church Extension office, begging for small sums of money. The secretary showed me some of them. They were positively heart-breaking. We must give the board something, for they are doing a good work in building these churches for the colored people."

After Mr. Wright had gone Jimmy got out his soldiers, and he and grandfather planned a great battle. But Jimmy was n't as interested as usual. Something was on his mind. Suddenly he spoke out. "Grandfather," he asked, "are you going to give some money for those churches in the mountains?" "Yes, boy, I think I shall." "I should like to too," said Jimmy. "I 'll give for both of us," answered grandfather. "But of my own—Grandfather, how much does a pony cost?" "About $100. Why?" "Were you going to pay that for the pony you promised me?" "Yes, probably more. Why?" "Well, Grandfather, if I give up the pony, will you give that money for me to build one of those little churches in the mountains, that those poor negroes want so much?" "Do you mean," asked grandfather, "that you will wait another year for the pony, in order to give this money, that you are perfectly willing to do it?" "Please, Grandfather," answered Jimmy. "Boy," said Grandfather, "you are made of the right stuff. The money shall go to-night."

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

CLARA E. KING.

UNCLE FRANK found Nellie alone in the dark, crying softly to herself. "Why, Nell, what's the matter?" he demanded. Nellie's Uncle Frank was a very kind, sunny, sympathetic young uncle, and well fitted to help about the present trouble, Nellie thought, because he was a soldier just come from the Philippines, where he had been fighting for our country, and he would understand. So she told him all about it.

To-day was Saturday. Monday would be the Fourth of July, and Nellie's teacher at school had invited her class to a picnic. She had planned a little ceremony before lunch, in which she was going to tell them more about Washington, who founded our country, and Lincoln, who saved her. It would be nice, she had said, if every little girl could bring a flag to wave when they sang the Star-Spangled Banner, to show how she loved our country and our country's flag. "And," sobbed Nellie, "I have n't any flag, Uncle Frank, and I can't ask father for any money to buy one, because I heard him tell mother last night, when she asked him for money to pay the grocer's bill, that he had n't even a penny. 'I have had the worst luck, dear,' he said. 'I have n't a cent, not one red cent, and that 's a fact.' So I can't ask father to buy me a flag, can I? Poor father! and I do so want to be patriotic, Uncle Frank." Uncle Frank's face was grave for a moment. Then he smiled at the little girl. "I 'll try to find some money for father, dearie," he said, "and in the meantime would a quarter buy a nice flag?" "O, Uncle Frank, a beauty!" cried Nellie. "Catch then," he said, and tossed her a twenty-five cent piece, as she shouted with delight.

The next day was Sunday, and after Church Nellie went with Uncle Frank to dinner with a friend of his, a Mr. Scott. Mr. Scott had also as a guest a man who was going to speak at the church that evening, one of the bishops, who was greatly interested in the work of building churches in the Philippines.

He was trying to persuade Mr. Scott to give him some money for a church there. "Yes, sir," the bishop began, "Church Extension follows the flag. We have thirty-seven chapels in the Philippines, not to mention several in Hawaii and Porto Rico. It is part of our patriotism to help extend our civilization to these new islands that belong to us. Lincoln said that the Methodist Church sent more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to heaven than any." Here he gave a vivid description of the wickedness in the Philippines, and begged for money to go on with the work of bringing Christ to those who are "now our own people." He talked very earnestly to the two men, the one who might be persuaded to give of his large means, the other who knew by experience the truth of all he was saying.

But he had an eager hearer he did not think about. As he told his story, little Nellie listened to him with her whole soul in her eyes. A great deal that he said, she could not understand; but one great fact was clear to her, if you would be patriotic you must give your money to the Philippines. The Methodist Church was the most patriotic of all, so said the great Lincoln, and Nellie was as loyal a Methodist as she was an American. She had, however, no money save only the quarter Uncle Frank had given her for the flag. She crept close to Uncle Frank. "Uncle Frank," she asked, "is it more patriotic to wave a flag or give your money to our country?" "Why, to give your money, dear, I should think. It's more real use," answered Uncle Frank, puzzled. Nellie hesitated only a moment, then she crossed over to the speaker and put her quarter into his hand. In a moment her uncle understood, and then he explained for the bashful Nellie. When he had finished, Mr. Scott turned to the bishop. "Bishop," he said, "I am ashamed. It has n't even been a choice of two forms of patriotism with me. I 'll make you out that check to-morrow."

And the next day a very happy though flagless Nellie went to the picnic, and sang the Star-Spangled Banner with all her might.

HELPS.—The leaflets published by the Department of Church Extension, 1018 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ACTIVITIES.—Let small envelopes, one each of two different colors, be given to each Junior. Into one he may put his own offering, and into the other any offering that father, mother, or friends may give. When these are returned the following Sunday, let the chairman of the Committee on Church Extension be instructed to hand the same to the pastor of the Church as the Junior League offering for the work of Church Extension.

HYMNS.—We rear not a Temple like Judah
of Old.
Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Secretary, Dr. James M. King.
Office, 1025 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Education Department

EMMA A. ROBINSON.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning; the trees were green, and the early flowers in bloom. Had you looked out of the window about nine o'clock, you would have seen many girls in their pretty white dresses, and the boys in fresh white waists, each with a bunch of flowers, and all hurrying toward the church. It was Children's Day, and every one wanted to be on time.

How pretty the church looked with the flowers and birds and so many happy, smiling faces!

After the singing and other exercises the superintendent announced that Mr. Ellerton, the pastor, had something to tell them.

"How many of you knew John and Ethel Hart?" said Mr. Ellerton.

Every hand went up; for last Children's Sunday John and Ethel had sung a song, and their father was the pastor instead of Mr. Ellerton.

"Last fall, you remember," said the pastor, "that Mr. Hart went to Evanston to live, so that he might study more about the Bible and be a better minister. During the winter Ethel was very sick, and before she was well John was taken with diphtheria. Mrs. Hart was needed to take care of Ethel, so a trained nurse came to care for John. For many days the doctor came two or three times a day, and each time as he came out of John's room he looked more sober.

One morning when he came he stayed all the morning. Poor Mrs. Hart was almost heartbroken that she could not go to John, and as she read to Ethel she listened for every sound from upstairs where John was. At last she heard the doctor in the hall. She rose quickly, but was almost afraid to go to meet him, for fear he would tell her John would never get well; but the minute she looked at him she knew it was all right. His face was smiling, and he said, "He will live." O, how happy they all were, and when at last both Ethel and John were well enough to go out and play they were still happier.

"But children, there was something beside the happy part. It had taken nearly all of Mr. Hart's money to pay the doctor and the nurse, and it seemed as though he must give up going to school. This made him very sad, for he was sure God wanted him to be a minister, and he knew if he was to be the very best minister that he could be, he must study.

"When he went to the president of the school and told him that he must go away, the president said to him:

"'Why do you not borrow some money from the Education fund?'

"Then he remembered that every year on Children's Sunday the boys and girls all over the United States brought their offering for this very society, and that the money was kept on purpose to help young men and women who wanted to study, and who had done all they could to earn the money, but who had had trouble just as he had. He went home and wrote to Dr. Anderson, the Secretary of the Board of Education. Last week, just after the school closed for the year, I had a letter from him telling me that Dr. Anderson had sent him money enough from the Children's Day offering, so that he had been able to stay in school until it closed. This summer he expects during the vacation to earn enough so that he will not have to borrow any next year. When he is through school he will pay this money back, so that it can be used to help some other student."

When Mr. Ellerton finished, the Children's Day offering was taken, and the boys and girls were glad that they could give something to help Mr. Hart and others who wanted to study.

HELPS.—Leaflets and reports published by
the Board of Education, 150
Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Official Children's Day Program.

ACTIVITIES.—This should be the study for the Sunday preceding Children's Day, and the offering of the Sunday-school that day will be its normal outlet.

HYMNS.—By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.
If You 've Had a Kindness.
Children's Day Hymn.
Secretary, Dr. Wm. F. Anderson.

Office, 220 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Sunday-School Department

EMMA A. ROBINSON.

"Way out upon the prairie,
How many children are there
Who never read the Bible,
Or go to Sunday-school."

Over and over again grandpa sang those words as he raked the leaves in the front yard. Before Esther knew it, she too was singing "Way out upon the prairie." Suddenly she stopped and, looking up, said:

"Why, grandpa, what a funny song!"

Grandpa stopped his raking, and as he looked way off across the hills Esther cried out, "Tell it, grandpa, tell it," for she was sure she saw a story in his eyes.

Grandpa smiled, took off his glasses, and seated himself on the edge of the porch.

"Do you remember that day we drove out to Aunt Lucy's that there was one place where we could not see a single house?"

"You mean that place where we found the strawberries?"

"Yes."

"A good many years ago I was out in Iowa. One morning just after breakfast I started off on horseback. I rode all the morning without seeing a single house or any person.

"At noon I stopped to eat my lunch under a big hickory-nut tree, and then went on. About three o'clock in the afternoon I saw a cluster of houses away off over the prairie, and turned my horse toward them. As I came near, the dogs and the children came out to meet me, and soon the men came too, for the little town was so far from the railroad that a stranger was almost as much of a treat as a circus.

"I stayed all night, and as the next day was Sunday, I did not go on till Monday. After breakfast I asked about Church, but was told that they did not have any, and when I asked the boys about Sunday-school, they wanted to know what that was. I did not tell them, but said if all the children would come out under the trees at two o'clock I would show them.

"How many boys and girls do you suppose there were in that village who had never heard of Sunday-school? Well, after dinner I waited to see, and if you will believe it, before the hands of my watch got round to two o'clock, there were fifty boys and girls seated around me on the grass.

"I sang a song or two, then took out my pocket Bible, and read the Sunday-school lesson. By this time a good many grown people had come. After I had offered a prayer I told them the story of Abraham going way off into a strange country, when God called him, and how the first thing he did was to build an altar and worship God.

"I wish you could have seen the faces of those children. Some of them had never heard a Bible story before. We closed with singing 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' and some of the older ones joined in. The children did not want to go away, and one of them came to me and said, 'Say, Mister, won't you stay here and have a Sunday-school every day?' The next morning I had to go on; but just as soon as I reached a railroad town I wrote a letter to New York, to the Secretary of the Sunday-school Board, which is the society that prints our Sunday-school papers and Quarterlies and starts Sunday-schools in places where they do not have any. They sent a man out to this town, who called the people together, talked to them about having a Sunday-school, and helped them start one. He gave them some Sunday-school papers and Quarterlies to start with, and then when he went back to the city he told the Sunday-school there about this little school way out upon the prairies, and one school said; 'We will send them a picture roll;' another said, 'We will save our Sunday-school papers and send those;' and another said, 'We will give the Sunday-school Union money enough to pay for some Quarterlies for them.'"

As grandpa stopped, Esther said, "Sing it again, grandpa. I forget how it goes."

ACTIVITIES.—Let the Juniors organize to save their Sunday-school papers and cards, to be sent to some school where they can not afford to have them. The committee on this subject to take care of them, etc. Or if there are those who can draw good maps, let them be appointed to draw and color one or more maps to be sent to such schools.

HYMNS.—Throw out the Life Line.
Send the Light.
If You 've Had a Kindness.

Secretary, Dr. John T. McFarland.

Office, 220 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Tract Society

EMMA A. ROBINSON.

LITTLE five-year-old Erma came home from Sunday-school all out of sorts. At first mother said nothing, thinking she would soon be her sunshiny self. But the cloud did not blow over, and after a few moments she called the little girl to her, and, taking her on her lap, said, "What is the trouble?"

Then the tears came, and through her sobs Erma said: "Our teacher said she would give every little girl a 'twack' and she must see how many people she could get to 'wide' on it."

Mother was mystified, but as the sobs ceased Erma finished by saying, "And she did n't give me 'nossin' but an old piece of paper."

Mother took the crumpled bit of paper from her hand and smoothed it out. Then she smiled, for the mystery was solved.

"Erma," she said, after glancing over the paper, "shall I read you a story?" Erma was always ready for stories, and already the sun had begun to peep through her dimples.

Mother read the sweetest story of a little Russian girl who, with her papa and mamma, had come to live in New York. She went with the little girls in the neighborhood to the Mission School, and there heard the most beautiful story about a man named Jesus, and how He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," and then the lady showed them the story in the book. It was such a sweet story, and little Bromisla thought how beautiful it must be for the little American children to have a Jesus who loved them so much, and wished that she too was a little American girl.

After she went to bed at night she would think about it; and then when no one could see her she would play that she was an American girl, and that her name was Ruth. She could almost hear Jesus say, "Suffer Ruth to come unto Me." Then just as she was ready to jump out of bed to run to Him, she would remember that she was only Bromisla, and would bury her head in her pillow and sob because little Russian girls did not have a Jesus.

One day a strange lady came to the Mission, and asked if there were any Russian children there. Bromisla put up her hand, and the lady gave her a paper—it was very much like this one Mrs. G—— gave you, Erma—and asked her if she could read it. When Bromisla looked at it she saw the letters were all Russian letters, just like those they had in the books before she came to New York.

She began to read. Pretty soon her cheeks grew red, then they grew white, then she just held her paper close to her, and as the tears rolled down her cheeks she cried out: "O, He does love little Russian girls, Jesus does. He wants Bromisla to come to Him, it says so on my paper!"

Erma had listened very attentively to the story, and at this point clapped her hands.

Then mamma said: "Erma, what do you suppose the lady who gave Bromisla that paper called it? She said it was a tract, just what Mrs. G—— called this paper. You thought she said 'track,' but when you learn to spell you will see that it is another word."

Erma looked puzzled, but mamma said: "There are lots of little boys and girls, and big people too, who do not have books to read as we do. Some of them never have the stories you love so much, and have no way of knowing many things God wants them to know, so some people in our Church find the sweetest stories and have them printed on paper like this, and then they give them away to people, who do not have the stories about Jesus, to read. They have them for the American people to read, and they write them so that the German people or the Russians or the Chinese can read them. These papers they call tracts.

"The people in the Churches who love God give the money that it costs to make these tracts, and some men are appointed to see that they are given away or sold to people who will give them to others.

"You did not understand Mrs. G——. She said she would give each little girl a tract, and wanted her to see how many people she could get to read it.

"Do n't you think that this story is nicer than having a track when you have n't any cars?" Erma thought a moment, then said, "Yes, mamma, I fink I will take it over for Johnnie's mamma to read to him."

HELPS.—Tracts published by the Tract Department, 220 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ACTIVITIES.—Secure enough tracts for each member of the League to have one. Select the subject with care, then let each see how many persons he can get to read his tract during the week. The following Sunday let them report, and also tell anything of interest connected with the tract.

HYMNS.—I Love to Tell the Story.
There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

SECRETARY.—The Secretary of the Sunday-school Department, Dr. John T. McFarland, is Secretary of the Tract Department also.

OFFICE.—220 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Freedmen's Aid Society

A WEEK from Monday will be Lincoln's birthday, and all the boys and girls in the neighborhood are busy learning pieces and songs or writing compositions about Lincoln. Charlie has never written a composition, and sits chewing his pencil as he tries to think of something to write. Suddenly he grabbed his paper, and for a few moments his pencil worked vigorously. This is what he wrote:

"All the little picaninnies were like dogs. They belonged to somebody 'till Abraham Lincoln bought them a license, and then they could go where they pleased."

How Charlie's papa laughed when he read it; but the first part of Charlie's composition was very true, for many of them had never been taught any more than your dog has.

When the war was over and they were free, there were no schools for them. They did not know how to earn money, and they had no homes. Really it seemed sometimes as though they were better off when they were slaves. But people who loved God knew that that was not so. They knew that as soon as they could be taught to read and write and how to work, they would make homes for themselves and be happy. This would take a long time and a great deal of money, so the Church appointed some men to do this work, and called them the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society. These men have taken the money which the people in the Methodist Church have given, and have built schools where the colored boys and girls may learn to be gardeners, carpenters, bricklayers, cooks, dressmakers, and many other things. While they are learning these things they are also studying out of books, so that they can go back to their homes and teach the little colored boys and girls, as well as make homes and clothing for them.

This society is now a part of the society we call by the long name, Board of Education, Sunday-schools, and Freedmen's Aid Society.

MAKING MEN.

EMMA A. ROBINSON.

SAMBO and Jim were two very small, very black boys. In all the six years of their lives they had never known what it was to have any candy or a Christmas present.

Indeed, they were very glad if they had

sweet potatoes and corn-bread enough so they were not hungry.

Hats and shoes belonged to white boys; but little black boys did not need any, and they were very happy without them.

One day something happened in the little shanty where they lived.

Father told them he must go away, to be gone a long, long time, but that when he came back they would have a nice home and be like white boys.

He told them about a "Freedmen's Aid Society school;" but they did n't know what that meant. They soon found out, however, that there was not so much cornbread nor so many sweet potatoes when father was gone, and sometimes they were very hungry.

Once in a long time father would come home, and each time he seemed a little different. He brought home some books and read stories to Sambo and Jim, who had never seen any books before, and pretty soon mother began to read too. Then one time he mended the door, which had always been broken; another time he made a table to use, instead of the drygoods box; but the most wonderful thing was when he borrowed a spade, dug up the ground round the house, and put some things he called seeds in the earth.

By and by, instead of weeds, as there had always been, there were beans and peas and corn. Sambo and Jim could never understand where they came from. They began to think the Freedmen's Aid Society school must be a kind of fairyland, where their father was learning some sort of magic.

At last the day came when father came home to stay. The boys were pretty big now, and very proud of their father, who was so much like a white man. Every day he went away to work on a house that was being built; but early in the morning and in the evening he was busy making a new house out of the shed they lived in, and in taking care of the garden. This year he let Sambo and Jim help him.

He also bought them some books, and every day mother helped them learn, so they could read their own stories.

One day when father came home he had a big bundle in his arms. Sambo and Jim went racing down the street to meet him, and could hardly wait to find out what was in it. When they went in the house he told them they might open the package; and what do you think they found?

Hats, shoes, stockings, neckties, and handkerchiefs, just like white boys.

How they did dance and shout as they tried them on!

But they did not know all the secret yet, for they were to go to school like white boys too; and when they were old enough they were to go to the Freedmen's Aid Society School, where they could learn to be men just like—not white men—but just like their father; for the Freedmen's Aid Society school had made him just as fine a man as any white man.

HELPS.—Leaflets and stories published by the Freedmen's Aid Department, 220 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ACTIVITIES.—Let the definite work for this benevolence be in inviting persons to be present on the Sunday the Juniors are to give their program. Let each one report how many persons he has invited. Let the chairman of this committee appoint those from the committee to take up the offering, and then in the meeting let him present it to the pastor, as the Juniors' offering for the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society.

HYMNS.—Stand up, stand up.
Rescue the Perishing.
Lord, Speak to Me.

Secretary, Dr. M. C. B. Mason.

Office, 220 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Bible Society

EMMA A. ROBINSON.

I WONDER how many of you know the hymn, "O for a thousand tongues to sing my great Redeemer's praise."

Do you ever wish that you might have a thousand tongues with which to praise and tell about God? It would be a great thing, would n't it? I think some one must have felt that way nearly one hundred years ago, not one man, but several. They could not all of them together have so many tongues with which to tell about God, and yet there were so many thousand people who did not know about Him.

What do you suppose they did? As they thought and talked about it I imagine some one said, "The very best way to tell people about God will be to give or send them Bibles." "Yes," some one else said, "but we have not enough Bibles, and if we did have, it costs so much to buy them that we could only get a few." At last some one said: "We would better go to all the Churches and talk to them about this, and see if they will not give us money enough to build a Bible House, where we can print Bibles, so that we can sell them for just a few cents, and also have them to give away."

The people in the Churches felt just as these men did, and they formed what we call our American Bible Society, and we have a large building called the Bible House. Not only the Methodist Church, but all of the Churches help support this Bible Society.

After they had the House built and all of their printing presses at work, and were making a great many Bibles, another question came up. The people in India, China, and many other countries could not read our Bible, so the Bible Society found men who could translate the Bible into the foreign languages, that all these people might read it, and to-day they print the Bible, or some part of it, in four hundred different dialects, and also make a Bible for the blind. Every year the Bible Society prints about two million Bibles. Is n't that better than having a thousand tongues to tell about God? These Bibles go into every part of the world, and the most of them are sold for just a few cents, because people would rather buy their Bibles; but where they can not pay even a few cents, they do not have to go without a Bible, because the Bible Society gives them one.

It takes a great deal of money to pay the men who translate the Bible into all these languages, as well as make and give away so many Bibles; but the Churches are all glad to help the Bible Society send God's Word everywhere.

For every dollar that any one gives to the Bible Society they can make five Bibles. For every five cents they can make a little Testament, or for two cents they can make a little book containing one of the Gospels, so you see even boys and girls can do something to help these eight million Bibles to go out, telling about God.

BIBLE SOCIETY.

My Dear Juniors:

Last week I was in New York, and I want to tell you about one place I visited.

About nine o'clock I went on a large steamboat, which took us out to a place called Ellis Island.

Here I found a very large building, with a gallery all around the room.

Of course I went into the gallery, so I

could see what was going on down stairs; and what do you suppose I saw?

A long, long procession of strange looking men, women, and children. The most of the girls and women had shawls on their heads, instead of hats, and many of them carried great big bundles or baskets on their heads. Every one was loaded down with satchels, baskets, bags, and bundles.

Some spoke German, some Italian, some Swedish, and some many other languages. They had come away from their own homes, and wanted to live in our country; but they were not Americans, and before they could come on the land they had to go to this house, so that our government could see if they were the kind of people that would make good citizens in the United States.

Those that were allowed to stay were sent down stairs into a big room, where they could get their railroad tickets; and here in one corner of the room I saw a bookcase, and over the top of it the words, "American Bible Society."

I went over to see what they were doing, and I found out the nicest thing.

As those people came down from up-stairs the man in charge of that bookcase gave to each one a little book containing one of the

Gospels, so that the very first thing he received in our country was the story of jesus.

But that is n't the best of it, for Leopoldtina, the little Norwegian girl, received a Norwegian story. Thekla, who speaks German, had a German gospel of John. Christian, who came from Sweden, had the Gospel of Luke in the Swedish language. Each one of all the people in that procession had the beautiful stories of Christ in the language which he could read and speak.

They had Bibles and Testaments too, which some of the people bought.

Every time we give two cents to the Bible Society, they can give one more copy of the stories of Jesus to these strange people who come to live with us.

Shall we help them?

YOUR MISS ROBINSON.

HELPS.—Leaflets published by the American Bible Society.
The Bible in Every Land. Ten cents a year.
Address, American Bible Society, New York.

ACTIVITIES.—Suggest that each one send out either a Gospel or a Testament each year, the money for this to be saved from either gum or candy.

Let a white envelope be given for this, and marked on the outside either "Gospel" or "Testament." The chairman of this committee should keep a list of those to whom the envelopes are given, and as soon as all are returned report the number of each that the Junior League is going to send out this year, then hand the money to the pastor.

HYMNS.—O Word of God Incarnate.
Lord of all Power and Might.
Lamp of our Feet.
O for a Thousand Tongues.

Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Our Veterans

EMMA A. ROBINSON.

CARL gave a long sigh as the benediction was pronounced. It was a beautiful morning, and the birds were calling him to come out of doors. The minister did not seem to hear them, and the service was longer than usual.

Between the calls of the birds Carl had caught the words "superannuates" and "Conference claimants" several times. He did not know what they meant, and was disappointed that the sermon was not about old soldiers, for the next Wednesday would be Decoration Day, and he did love to hear about the old heroes of the war.

On the way home Mr. Baker suggested that they walk around by the old soldier's grave. Carl was delighted, but when they reached the cemetery instead of going to the soldiers' lot, Carl's father stopped beside a new-made grave. Carl waited a few minutes, then said, "Are n't we going to the soldiers' graves?" His father looked a little surprised, then smiled.

"This is the soldier about whom Dr. D—— preached this morning, and I had forgotten the others."

Now it was Carl's turn to be puzzled. "Why, I thought this was old Mr. Bowen's grave. He was not a soldier, was he?"

"The sermon this morning said he was, Carl."

"He did n't look a bit like one, and he was so poor. The boys said he used to be a preacher; that was why his clothes were so shabby."

"But I did n't hear Dr. D—— say anything about soldiers. I thought he said superannuates. What are they?"

"Yes, that was the word he used, but it is only another name for veterans. You know what veteran means.

"Let me tell you about this one. When he was but twenty-one years old he enlisted as one of God's ministers, and promised to go just wherever he was sent. The first church to which he went was a little mission church. The people were all very poor, and could not pay him enough for him to live on, so the Missionary Society helped; but even then he had very little money.

"He went from one church to another, as Methodist ministers do; in some places he had money enough to get along comfortably, then sometimes his salary would not be paid, and his family would scarcely have enough to eat. His boys and girls could not have many things that other young people had.

"One year he thought he was going to be able to put some money away in the bank, but that year the crops failed. The people could not pay their missionary subscriptions and the pastor's salary. Mr. Bowen said the missionaries must not suffer, so the missionary money was paid, but his salary was not. A minister works very hard, and one year when Mr. Bowen went to Conference he was so pale and thin and his hands trembled. As the bishop looked at him he shook his head, and said: 'I am afraid Brother Bowen will have to be mustered out.' When the appointments were read his name was on the superannuates' list. That meant he no longer had a church in which to preach, and so, of course, had no salary.

"If he had been able to save money to live on he might have been glad to rest awhile, but as I told you he had never had enough to lay any aside.

"Our Church tries to do with her worn-out, or mustered-out, preachers just what our government does with the soldiers, only instead of calling them pensioners, we call them Conference claimants."

"O, that was the other word that I could not think of," exclaimed Carl.

"Mr. Bowen," continued his father, "became a Conference claimant, or an old soldier whom the Church helped take care of."

"He did not look as though they took very good care of him," said Carl.

"No, Carl, I am sorry to say that the Church does not have enough money to take very good care of the old soldiers, but I hope that this year we will have more."

"Where does the money come from?"

"You have heard of the Methodist Book Concern? Its earnings go to the care of the superannuates, and then each Church is expected to take a collection for them."

"And does the Church take care of the widows and children of the preachers just as the soldiers' wives and children are taken care of?"

"It tries to."

Carl was very thoughtful as they walked home. At the gate he stopped, saying: "I must go and tell Charlie about these soldiers. I think we ought to have a Decoration Day for them."

Which is the Greatest?

EMMA A. ROBINSON.

THE boys and girls of the J. Memorial Church Junior League were in the woods, on one of the delightful tramps Mrs. J.—their superintendent—planned for them each month.

Suddenly Charlie surprised them by saying: "I am going to be a missionary in India. That missionary who spoke last Sunday was great."

"O, you 're not in it," said Helen. "Home missions are the thing for any one who is patriotic."

"The Freedmen's Aid Society comes first," said John. "It is mean for any one not to help those poor colored fellows that we made slaves."

Tones were becoming loud, and the discussion rather heated, when Mrs. J. said, "How many are ready for a story?"

Quickly the boys and girls gathered about her, for one of her stories was a great treat.

"In the mountain regions of Tennessee lived George Washington Thomas Jefferson

Peter Ulysses Jones. Had you hunted round under all that name you would have found the dearest little bright-eyed boy, with skin so black it fairly shone and hair in tight little kinks all over his head.

"G. E. T. J. P. U., as we will call him for short, had several older brothers and sisters who spent their time playing near the house or helping the father and mother.

"One day a man on horseback stopped at the door. After talking with the family awhile he asked if any of them could read, but not one of them could. The father very proudly told of a big book that his grandfather used to have, and from which the 'Missus' had taught him to read. He could remember some of the stories from the book, and the visitor knew it must have been the Bible. After further talk he took out a small copy of the Bible, which he said the Bible Society had sent to them, and offered to give it to the oldest boy if he would try and learn to read it. 'The Bible man,' as they called him, stayed all night, and when he went away he left the Bible to tell the story of Jesus.

"Not long after he met one of the secretaries of the Sunday-school Union, and told him of that place in the mountain where they had never even heard of a Sunday-school.

"A year later he was back in the same region, and went to hunt up the Jones' family. The first thing they told him was of the new Sunday-school, and how the big brother had learned to read out of the book that he had given them the year before.

"The next year when he came again the Jones's were gone, no one knew where.

"Some years later he was traveling in Tennessee, and came one day to one of the large schools for the Freedmen. The superintendent called a young man by the name of George to show him about.

"Talking with him, to his surprise he learned that he was G. W. T. J. P. U. Jones.

"He told him that his father had learned through the preacher of the Church which the Church Extension Society had helped the people of the Sunday-school to build, that in a town not far away was a Home Missionary Society school, where the girls could not only learn to read, but to sew and cook also. There was nothing to keep them where they were, so they moved near this school, where the father found a place as man-of-all-work, while the girls went to school, and he, little G. W. T. J. P. U., was put into the kindergarten. As he grew older he learned to read out of the Bible, which a Bible man had given them when he was a baby. The stories seemed to get right into his heart, and he wanted to know more. At last he heard of this school where colored boys could learn just like white boys.

"He was sorry to go away from home, but he must learn. He had no money, but all the family helped, and at last they saved enough for him to start with, and by working out of school hours he had managed to get along until his last year. He had been sick during vacation, and was afraid he would have to give up; but the president of the school had written to the Board of Education, and they had loaned him money so that he might finish, and now in three weeks he would graduate.

"'But what are you going to do then?' asked the Bible man, whom G. W. T. J. P. U. now knew was called a colporteur.

"How the black eyes shone as he told that next year he expected to go to Africa as a missionary to his own black people!

"In his room were some papers with queer-looking marks on them. He explained that a returned missionary from Africa was in the school, and that he had been so much pleased with a story that he, G. W. T. J. P. U., had written, that he had taken it to the Tract

Society, and they had agreed to print it as a tract. The missionary had just finished translating it into the language of the tribes to whom G. W. T. J. P. U. was going, and he had added: 'It will be ready when I go out to Africa next fall, and it will be the first story they have ever had in their own language.'"

The Juniors were not slow to see the point, and Charlie, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, remarked to Helen, "Well, Miss Home Missionary, I guess you will have to help me get John Freedmen's Aid in training to do my Foreign Missionary work.

Yo